

THE RAGGEDY MAN

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

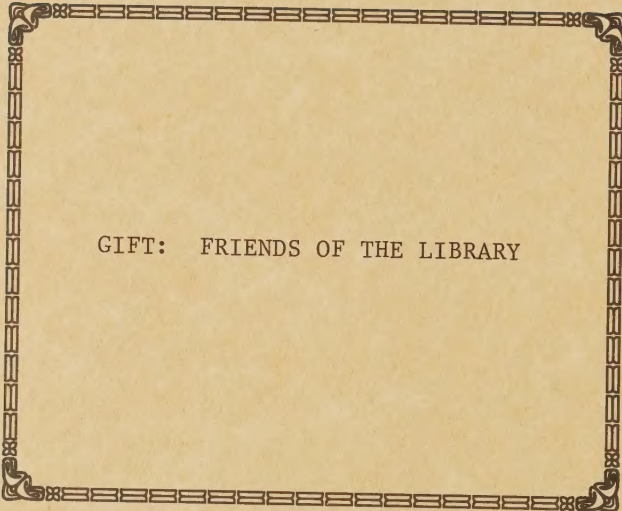


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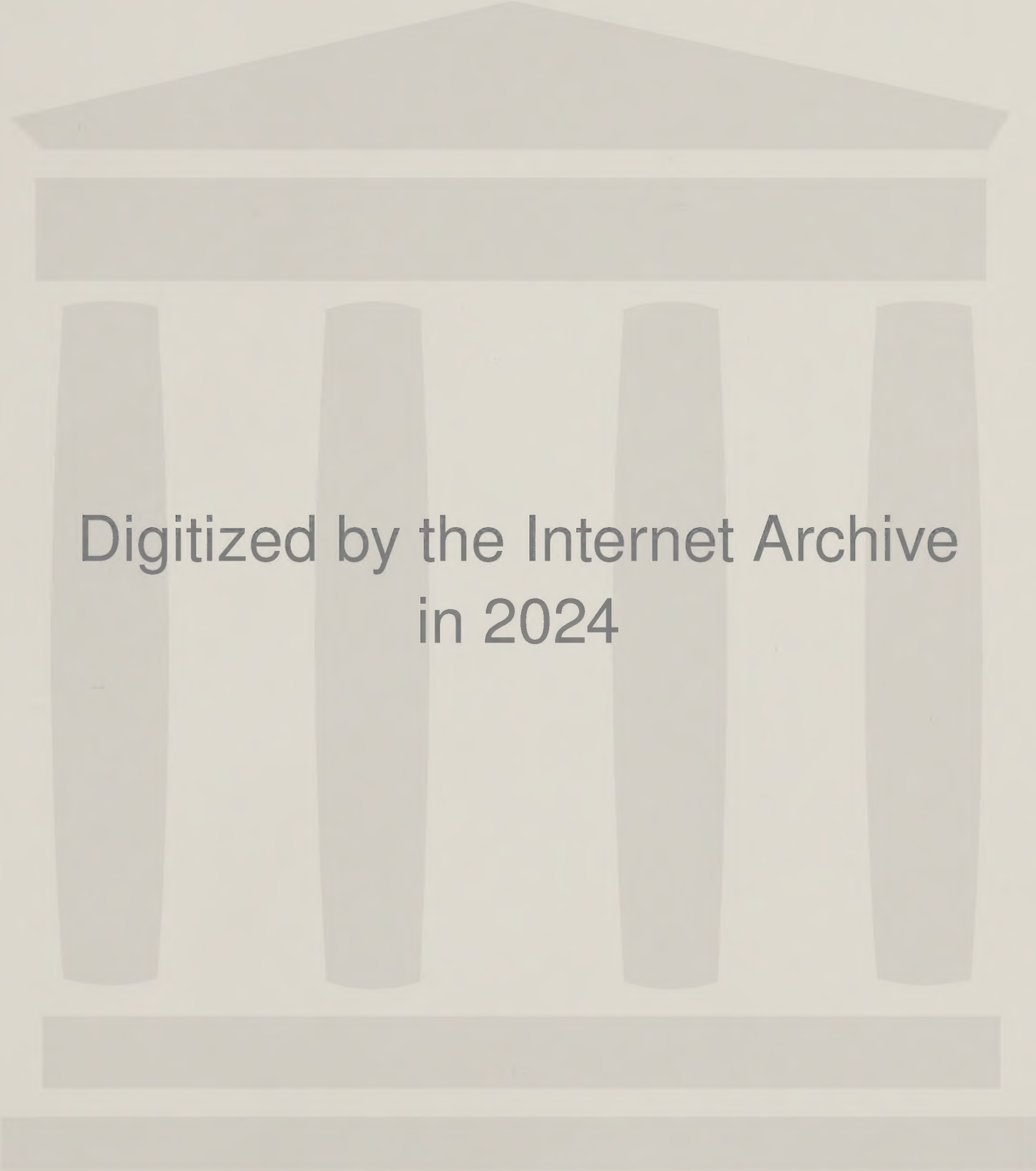
By Henry C. Fildes

Oct. 5, 2002



THE RAGGEDY MAN





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By
James Whitcomb Riley



**With illustrations by
Ethel Franklin Betts**



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THE RAGGEDY MAN

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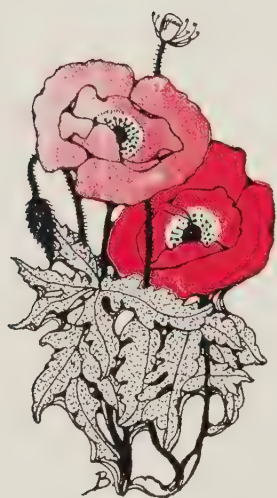


DEDICATION

MOST LOVINGLY AND LOYALLY SIGNED OVER

*To Lesley and Elizabeth,
And Jim, and Jinks, and Dallas,
And Dory Ann, and Bud, and Seth,
And little Rachel Alice ;
Marcellus, Ruth, and Silence,—Yea,
And all their little brothers
And sisters in the world to-day—
And all the blessed others.*







THE RAGGEDY MAN

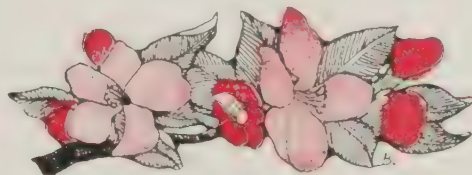






THE RAGGEDY MAN

O THE RAGGEDY MAN! He works fer Pa;
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house ever' day,
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!





W'y, The Raggedy Man—he's ist so good
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 'at *boys* can't do.—
He clumbed clean up in our big tree
An' shooked a' apple down fer me—
An' nother'n, too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—
An' nother'n, too, fer The Raggedy Man.—
Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

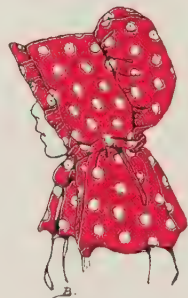






An' The Raggedy Man one time say he
Pick' roast' rambos from a' orchurd-tree,
An' *et* 'em—all ist roast' an' hot!—
An it's so, too!—'Cause a cornerib got
Afire one time an' all burn' down
On "The Smoot Farm", 'bout four mile' from
town—
On "The Smoot Farm"! Yes—an' the hired han'
'At worked there nen 'uz The Raggedy Man!—
Ain't he the beatin'est Raggedy Man?—
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!





The Raggedy Man's so good an' kind
He'll be our "horsey", an' "haw" an' mind
Ever'thing 'at you make him do—
An' won't run off—'less you want him to!
I drived him wunst 'way down our lane
An' he got skeered, when it 'menced to rain,
An' ist rared up an' squealed and run
Purt-nigh away!—an' it's all in fun!—
Nen he skeered *ag'in* at a' old tin can . . .
Whoa! y'old runaway Raggedy Man!
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!







An' The Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes :
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers ther-
selves!

An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann,
Er Ma, er Pa, er The Raggedy Man!

Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?

Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!





An' wunst, when The Raggedy Man come late,
An' pigs is root' thue the garden-gate,
He 'tend like the pigs 'uz *bears* an' said,
"Old Bear-shooter 'll shoot 'em dead!"
An' race' an' chase' 'em, an' they'd ist run
When he pint his hoe at 'em like it's a gun
An' go "Bang!—Bang!" nen 'tend he stan'
An' load up his gun ag'in! Raggedy Man!
He's an old Bear-shooter Raggedy Man!
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!





An' sometimes The Raggedy Man lets on
We're little *prince*-childern, an' Old King's gone
To git more money, an' lef' us there—
And *Robbers* is ist thick ever'where;
An nen—ef we all won't cry, fer *shore*—
The Raggedy Man he'll come and "'splore
The Castul-halls," an' steal the "gold"—
An' steal *us*, too, an' grab an' hold
An' pack us off to his old "Cave!"—An'
Haymow's the "cave" o' the Raggedy Man!—
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!





The Raggedy Man—one time when he
Was makin' a little bow-'n'-orry fer me,
Says "When *you're* big like your Pa is,
Air you go' to keep a fine store like his—
An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine clothes?—
Er what *air* you go' to be, goodness knows!"
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!—
I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!





THE MAN IN THE MOON

Said The Raggedy Man, on a hot afternoon:
My!

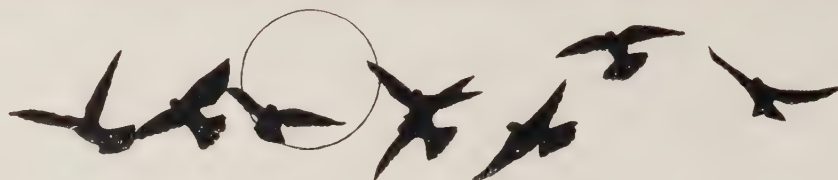
Sakes!

What a lot o' mistakes
Some little folks makes on The Man in the Moon!
But people that's be'n up to *see* him, like *me*,
And calls on him frequent and intimuttly.
Might drop a few facts that would interest you
Clean!

Through!—

Ef you wanted 'em to—
Some *actual* facts that might interest you!





O The Man in the Moon has a crick in his back ;
Wee!

Whimm!

Ain't you sorry for him?

And a mole on his nose that is purple and black;
And his eyes are so weak that they water and run
If he dares to *dream* even he looks at the sun,—
So he jes dreams of stars, as the doctors advise—

My!

Eyes!

But isn't he wise—

To jes dream of Stars, as the doctors advise?







And The Man in the Moon has a boil on his ear—
Whee!

Whing!

What a singular thing!

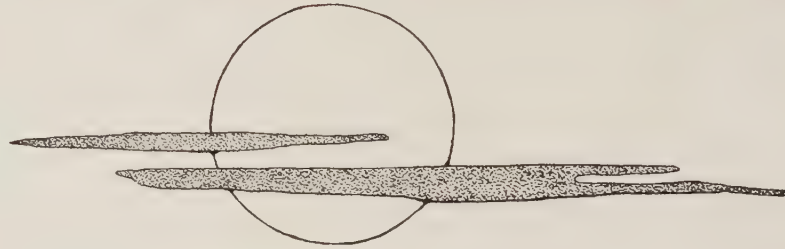
I know! but these facts are authentic, my dear,—
There's a boil on his ear; and a corn on his chin—
He calls it a dimple—but dimples stick in,—
Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you know!

Whang!

Ho!

Why, certainly so!—
It might be a dimple turned over, you know!





And The Man in the Moon has a rheumatic knee—
Gee!

Whizz!

What a pity that is!

And his toes have worked round where his heels
ought to be.—

So whenever he wants to go North he goes *South*,
And comes back with porridge-crumbs all round his
mouth,

And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan,
Whing!

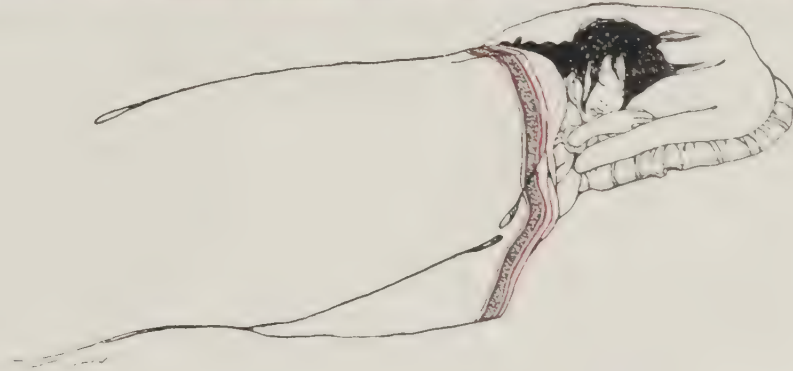
Whann!

What a marvellous man!

What a very remarkably marvellous man!







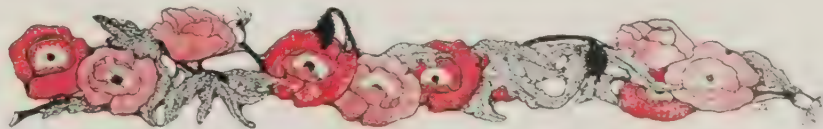
And The Man in the Moon, sighed The Raggedy Man,
Gits!

So!

Sullonesome, you know,—
Up there by hisse'f sence Creation began!—
That when I call on him and then come away,
He grabs me and holds me and begs me to stay,
Till— Well! if it wasn't fer *rimmy-cum-Jim*,
Dadd!

Limb!

I'd go pardners with him—
Jes jump my job here and be pardners with *him*!





THE BUMBLEBEE

You better not fool with a Bumblebee! —
Ef you don't think they can sting—you'll see!
They're lazy to look at, an' kindo' go
Buzzin' an' bummin' aroun' so slow,
An' ac' so slouchy an' all fagged out,
Danglin' their legs as they drone about
The hollyhawks 'at they can't climb in
'Ithout ist a-tumble-un out ag'in!







Wunst I watched one climb clean 'way
In a jimpson-blossom, I did, one day,—
An' I ist *grabbed* it—an' nen let go—
An' "*Ooh-oo! Honey! I told ye so!*"
Says the Raggedy Man; an' he ist run
An' pullt out the stinger, an' don't laugh none,
An' says: "*They has be'n folks, I guess,*
'At thought I wuz predjudust more er less,—
Yit I still muntain 'at a Bumblebee
Wears out his welcome too quick fer me!"

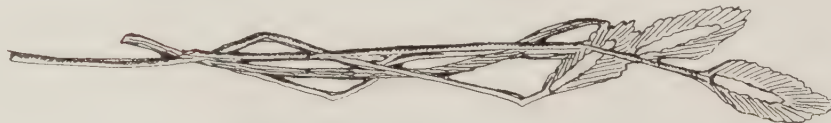




THE OLD TRAMP

A' old Tramp slep' in our stable wunst,
An' The Raggedy Man he caught
An' roust him up, an' chased him off
Clean out through our back lot!

An' th' old Tramp hollered back an' said,—
“You're a *perty* man!—*You* air!—
With a pair o' eyes like two fried eggs,
An' a nose like a Bartlutt pear!”



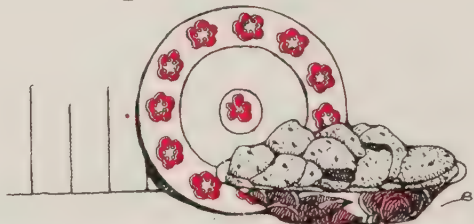


OUR HIRED GIRL

Our hired girl, she's 'Lizabuth Ann;
An' she can cook best things to eat!
She ist puts dough in our pie-pan,
An' pours in somepin' 'at's good and sweet,
An' nen she salts it all on top
With cinnamon; an' nen she'll stop
An' stoop an' slide it, ist as slow,
In th' old cook-stove, so's 'twon't slop
An' git all spilled; nen bakes it, so
It's custard pie, first thing you know!
An' nen she'll say:
"Clear out o' my way!
They's time fer work, an' time fer play!—
Take yer dough, an' run, Child; run!
Er I cain't git no cookin' done!"



When our hired girl 'tends like she's mad,
An' says folks got to walk the chalk
When *she's* around, er wisht they had,
I play out on our porch an' talk
To th' Raggedy Man 'at mows our lawn;
An' he says "*Whew!*" an' nen leans on
His old crook-scythe, and blinks his eyes
An' sniffs all round an' says,—"*I swan!*
Ef my old nose don't tell me lies,
It 'pears like I smell custard-pies!"
An' nen *he'll* say,—
"Clear out o' my way!
They's time fer work an' time fer play!
Take yer dough, an' run, Child; run!
Er *she* caint git no cookin' done!"





Edgar Franklin Booth.



Wunst our hired girl, wunst when she
Got the supper, an' we all et,
An' it was night, an' Ma an' me
An' Pa went wher' the "Social" met,—
An' nen when we come home, an' see
A light in the kitchen-door, an' we
Heerd a maccordeum, Pa says "Lan'-
O'-Gracious! who can *her* beau be?"
An' I marched in, an' 'Lizabuth Ann
Wuz parchin' corn fer the Raggedy Man!
Better say
"Clear out o' the way!
They's time fer work, an' time fer play!
Take the hint, an' run, Child: run!
Er we caint git no *courtin* done! "



THE HIRED MAN'S FAITH IN CHILDREN

I believe *all* children's good,
Ef they're only understood,—
Even *bad* ones 'pears to me
'S jes as good as they kin be!







THE RAGGEDY MAN ON CHILDREN

Childern—take 'em as they run—
You kin *bet* on, ev'ry one!—
Treat 'em right and reco'nize
Human souls is all one size.

Jevver think?—the world's best men
Wears the same souls they had when
They run barefoot—'way back where
All these little childern air.

Heerd a boy, not long ago,
Say his parents *sassed* him so,
He'd *correct* 'em ef he could,—
Then be good ef *they'd* be good.





MISHAWAKA HARRIS P.L.



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